

Life

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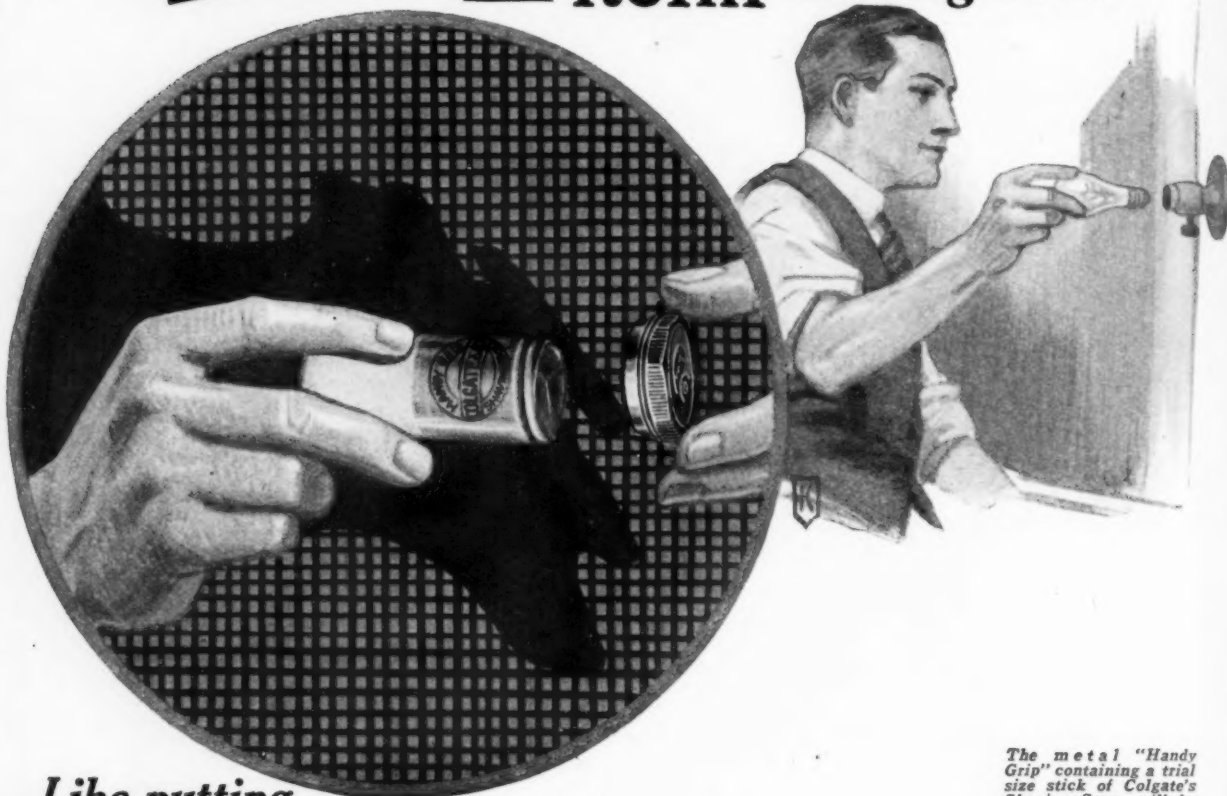
COLE PHILLIPS

The Finishing Touch

COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Refill Shaving Stick



**Like putting
a new light bulb in a socket**

YOU need not buy a new "Handy Grip" with each stick of Colgate's Shaving Soap.

Buy "Refills" as you need them, for the price of the soap alone. The "Handy Grip" lasts for years.

One of the advantages of the Colgate "Refill" is that *the soap itself is threaded*. It screws into the "Handy Grip" firmly. Moisten the small stub unscrewed from the socket, and stick it upon the end of the "Refill." There is no waste.

Use Colgate's for *Shaving Comfort*, as well as for *Convenience* and *Economy*. It leaves the face cool and refreshed.

The fragrant lather needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers. We took the rub out of shaving *originally* in 1903.

Colgate's Shaving Stick not only produces the most soothing lather for the average man but it is a little more economical in use than powder, and much more economical than shaving cream. As we make all three, we can give you this impartial advice.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 23 199 Fulton Street, New York City

The metal "Handy Grip" containing a trial size stick of Colgate's Shaving Soap, will be sent for 10c. When the trial stick is used up you can buy the Colgate "Refills," threaded to fit this Grip. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy. There are 350 shaves in a Colgate Shaving Stick—double the number you can get from a tube of cream at the same price.





Life



Her Qualifications

(Any Press Agent Speaks)

MISS DOLLY DOLL'S a devotee
Of tennis, boxing, swimming, riding;
You never would suspect that she
So many varied gifts is hiding.

She is a connoisseur of art;
She could have won a name at sketching;
And she produces quaint and smart
Batik designs and dry-point etching.

Whenever she has time to spare,
She studies drama, epics, ballads.
And, oh, how well she can prepare
Roast chicken, creams and dainty salads!

Philosophy is her delight;
Her aim in foreign tongues is deadly.

* * * * *

And she appears to-morrow night
In Whozit's girl-and-music medley.

Robert A. Simon.



Our Modern Youth

George (scornfully): What are you going to do with all that money you've saved?—buy a Rolls-Royce, I suppose.

Alys (age ten): Oh, deah no!—I'm going to blow this in on a permanent wave.



Sanctum Talks

"WELL, LIFE, anything you want me to settle—"

"On my word, General Smuts. How are you?"

"Now that I've settled the Irish question—"

"And got the League straightened out."

"Well—"

"And made everybody agree to disarm, and—"

"But—"

"And have made the girls' skirts longer, and brought the churches to-

gether and stopped all the divorces and rendered all the jails superfluous and brought down all the taxes and—"

"Hold on, LIFE! You're unfair."

"My dear General Smuts, I haven't the slightest desire or intention to be unfair; but the fact is—"

"The fact is that—"

"That we were all looking for a superman; we had grabbed up everybody who came along, and after shaking them all down, had given them up—and then you came like a moral giant. And we said—"



Host: Great stuff, old chap. Made it myself. Five pounds of prunes, a pound of raisins, a quart of cider, five gallons of water and a yeast cake.

Guest: And what's the antidote?

"Cut it out, LIFE; that is what you would say, isn't it?"

"And we said, 'Here he is at last—dear old Smuts; first he'll settle the Irish question—just like that; and then he'll get busy with the rest of creation, and everything will then be quite all right.' All that H. G. Wells could do was to say what ought to be done with the universe; but you were the man, we all felt, to do it."

"LIFE! I'm no such man. I give you my word I'm a villain—"

"You're a hero!"

"I'm just a plain, ordinary—"

"Now, now! I can see you blush! It's no use, General; you've got to take your place with the few old boys we read about in the calendar of saints."

"But I thought you'd see the point. I haven't done *anything* except be polite."

"Isn't that enough? That's more than Northcliffe or Lloyd George did! You're too modest. Oh, Brother Smuts, this will never do."

"Don't call me Brother Smuts, or I'll swat you!"

"What else!"

"I'll shoot up the place. I'll do anything to get back my reputation for being an ordinary person. I'm a bad man from South Africa. Damn! So there."

"Naughty!"

"Hell and—"

"Fudge! Here's to—"

"LIFE! Be reasonable. Call me anything you like; say I am a traitor; tell me I am a liar; proclaim me as a roughneck, a diplomat, or a gunman, but I beg of you don't call me a superman! It's too much!"

"You brought it on yourself, General, by trying to be nice to the Irish; but I'll forgive you this time if you'll never do it again."

"Honor bright. And good morning."

"Ta-ta! Brother!"

T. L. M.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$21,895.90
W. R. Harney, Jacksonville, Fla.	25.00
"Brooklyn, Maine"	10.00
Mrs. G. B. Agnew, New York	25.00
James D. Williams, New York	25.00
Camp Wyanoke, Wolfeboro, N. H.	13.01
Abe Cook, Vancouver, B. C.	5.00
Sally Welch (age 9), East River, Conn.	1.10
Edward Hopkins, Toledo, O.	25.00
Herrika and Nancy, North Hero, Vt.	50.00
"In loving memory of William De Wolf Dimock," Bristol, R. I.	5.00

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A Direct Hit
Another Triumph for the Air Forces

The Beauty Parlor Lizards

DOROTHY PARKER

"—if the people don't like me the way Nature made me, then they'll just have to put up with me the best way they can, is what I always say. Men have no respect for these women that are all fixed up. But henna's so good for the hair that it isn't as if—"

"—saw her yesterday, right in broad daylight, and didn't know her at first. Why, she looks fifteen years younger. I just felt like saying, 'Well, it seems to me that a woman of your age, with two married children, could have found something better to do than go have her face lifted.' I would have said it, too, in another minute. I wonder if it's very painful, and how much it would—"

"—no patience with these women who spend all their time fussing about their looks. All a woman needs is to look clean and wholesome, and have a sweet expression. Now if you'll just shape that other eyebrow, please, then I'll try some of that new liquid rouge.

And I'll be in on Tuesday at half-past four to have my—"

"—looks about twenty years old, on the screen, but Mrs. Ebey—she lives in the apartment just across the way from us, and I do wish you could see her little telephone-doll—has a brother in the moving-picture business, and he knows for a fact that she's forty-five, if she's a day. Mrs. Ebey is going to find out from him what kind of skin food she uses, and let me know. Of course, I think those things are all foolishness, and there's nothing like good soap and water, but just the same—"

"—when I told them it was a permanent wave, they simply wouldn't believe me. Said they never saw anything so natural in their life. So I'm just going to tell people that my hair is naturally curly. I don't see any sense in giving away—"

"—think there's nothing prettier and

more dignified than middle age. I just love gray hair, myself. If only it was becoming to me, I'd leave it that way in a minute, and never think of having it—"

Household Hints

To drive away aunts—use a second-hand flivver.

To keep dust off furniture—cover it with canvas.

To have your meals on time—get them yourself.

To save gas—stop scolding.

To keep servants good-natured—there's nothing like changing them.

To have things just the way you want them—live alone.

Commonplace

"I SEE Marconi has invented a machine that will send five hundred words a minute."

"That's nothing; I married one."



"Gee, Tilly, ye gained ten pounds since dinner!"

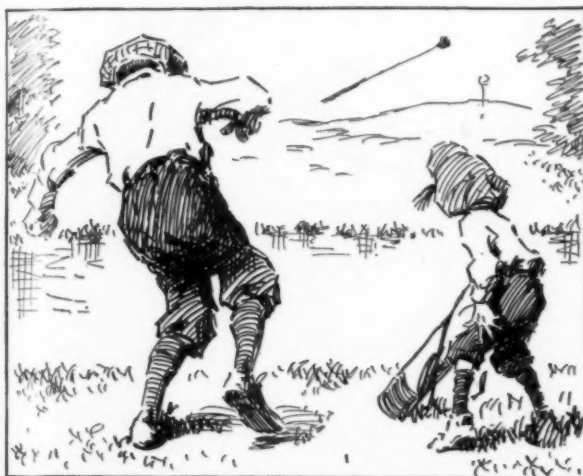
He Got Madder and Madder and Madder



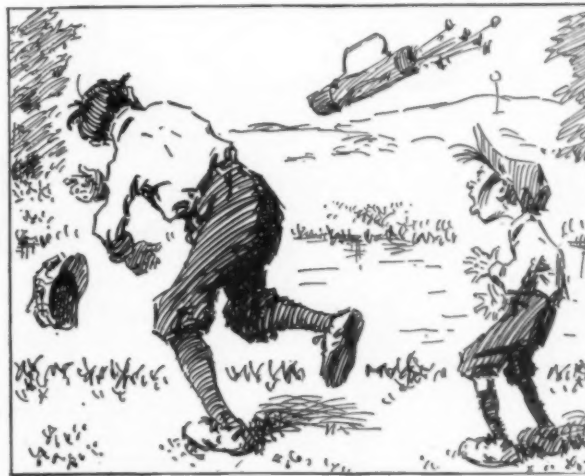
He drives a ball into the pond



Drives thirteen balls into the pond



Throws his club into the pond



Throws his bag into the pond



Throws his caddy into the pond



Throws himself into the pond
(N. B.—He played next day as usual)



"I hope you don't mind my kissing you?"
 "Not if you don't mind my not minding."

The Vanishing Man

RICHARD HUGHES

"EUREKA!" the Professor cried, and disappeared.
 I was hardly prepared for this.

Mathematical professors are not magicians, and have no business to vanish suddenly and without due warning. Moreover, at the moment of his disappearance, there was a curious whistling explosion, a sound like that of igniting hydrogen; of air rushing into a vacuum: the papers on his desk were caught up in a sudden whirlwind and pirouetted for several seconds over the chair where he was sitting, then scattered themselves about the floor. For a moment I was too dazed by the concussion to think clearly; then I got up and rushed rather wildly about the room.

But I had hardly assured myself that there was really no bodily trace of him left in the study where we were working together, when I noticed a pair of shoes on the hearth-rug. Now it is one thing for an agitated man to see a pair of shoes on the hearth-rug; but it is a very different matter to find a pair of feet in these boots, sharply severed at the ankles, cut as clean and clear as in a sectional diagram. For a few moments I simply stared: then one of these shoes moved, almost an inch. I confess that I was very nearly frightened. I made a rush for the door, but conquered my nerves and turned back again; and, lo! while my back had been turned, a pair of legs—trousered legs—the Professor's

trousers—had attached themselves to the boots. And they were growing!

They were complete to the knee: the veins were welling with blood, but none spurted out; and as I watched with fascinated eyes I saw the cut surface gradually rise like water in a lock. It was the most uncanny thing. I pressed my hand upon it, only to feel it lifted by a gentle, even pressure as the Professor's femur extended itself, and I remember noticing that though my thumb had stoppered a brimming artery, not a drop of blood stained it.

After that I think I must have fainted, as folk will, simply from excess of the unusual; for the next thing I remember is the Professor—the whole of him—standing over me and talking excitedly. I looked up in a dazed and bewildered fashion: he was waving his arms about, and crying that he had Found the Way; then suddenly he thrust his hand, as it were, through a hole in space, for it vanished completely: he deliberately plunged his arm up to the elbow in—nothing; and drew it out again.

"But it's so easy," he kept on repeating; "easy as winking. Why didn't I ever think of it before?"

"Think of what?" I asked desperately.

"The Fourth Dimension," he answered. (Now I ought to mention that we were together writing a book on "Multi-

dimensional Perspective.") "Here have we been fooling around after Imaginary Roots, and Functions, trying to mop up the mess Einstein has made, when all the time the Fourth Dimension was no different in kind from the other three that we are familiar with."

"But I don't see—" I began.

"No, of course you don't!" he barked, and settled into the full stride of his lecture-room manner.

"My assumption is that the Fourth Dimension is just another dimension, no more different from length, say, than length is from breadth and thickness: it is perpendicular to all three. Now suppose that a being in two dimensions—a flat creature, like the moving shadows of a cinematograph—were suddenly to grasp the concept of the Third Dimension, and so step out of the picture. He might only move an inch, but he would vanish completely from the sight of the rest of his world."

"But the sections," I interrupted, "why should I see you in those horrible sections?"

The Professor raised his hand.

"I am coming to that," he said.

"Then suppose that instead of returning all at once—smack, flat, which would be difficult unless he had a vacuum prepared to receive him—he inserted his feet first, and so gradually slid back into the Universe. It is evident that his fellow-creatures, during the process, would see him in ever-changing sections, until he was once more completely back in space."

"This is wonderful!" I cried. "This is power! Think of it! A step, and you are invisible! No prison cells can hold you, for there is a side to you on which they are as open as a wedding-ring! No safe is secure from you: you

can put your hand round the corner, and draw out what you like."

"Heavens!" he cried. "Could I really do all that?"

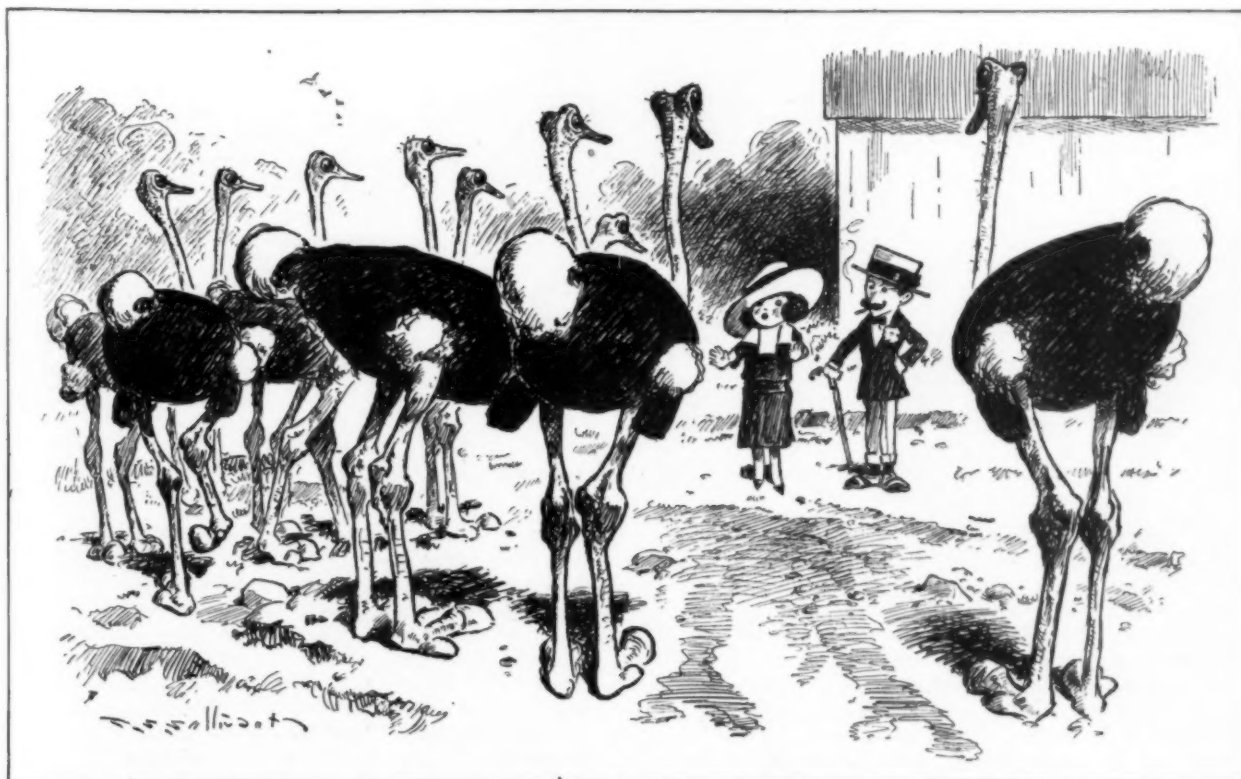
"Of course you could," I answered. "There is nothing you couldn't do. Only make haste to explain to me which this new direction is, and we'll hold the world in fee!"

"It's . . . it's . . ." he flapped his hands helplessly.

"How can I explain?" he said. "It's just the *other* direction. It's there!" he cried suddenly, trying to point; with the result that his forefinger and half his hand vanished from view.

"Hold my hand," he suggested, "and I'll try to pull you out."

I took his hand, and he gradually slid feet first out of sight, till soon there was nothing of him left but a pulsing hand that tugged at my arm. And then Catastrophe fell on us. Just what happened I shall never know; whether it was through tugging against my resistance, or whether he was too excited to notice what he was doing, or whether he simply wished to address some remark to me; but the unhappy man thrust his head back into space, and instead of thrusting it into vacancy, he thrust it into that exact spot occupied by a heavy writing-table. Now there is an axiom that two objects cannot occupy the same point in space at the same time, and the result of disobeying it was hideous. There was a terrific splintering of wood, almost an explosion; at the same time his hand closed its grip right through my arm, vanishing from view. The whole room was littered with splinters and dust. His body was never found; and for all I know it is still floating just outside our space, perhaps only a few inches from the arm-chair where it was used to smoke and read and theorize.



The Milliner (at the Zoo): Oh! what a shame to see all those beautiful feathers wasted on a lot of silly birds.



Aspiration

The American Language

(Samples)

DRAMA. See bedroom.

Literature. An article of commerce imported from England, France and Russia, and consumed quite largely in libraries and women's clubs. Many attempts have been made to raise it in America, and some home-grown varieties have met with great popularity. It does not appear, however, to be indigenous to the soil.

Congress. A large machine for producing sound. It is assembled, as a rule, twice a year, at vast expense, and worked almost wholly by wires in the hands of experts. The volume of sound is finely regulated, and increases in proportion to the necessity of producing practical results. A wind instrument. Any large vacuum. Hot air.

Flapper. An osseous framework composed of calcareous cartilaginous and fibrous material, bob-thatched and streaked with red, upon which is hung a short skirt. Frequently attached to touring cars; also used as part of the equipment of dance halls and young millionaires. Durable under certain conditions, but when exposed to heat of kitchens rapidly disintegrates.

Gesture. A term employed by hack-intelligentsia to describe the acrobatic movements of nations.

Oil. A tenuous substance used by battleships, brokers and bunco men; also as a hair restorer and in motor cars. Like truth, it sometimes lies at the bottom of a well, and sometimes does nothing else but lie. Mingled with sea water, it is still used in Chicago; even in this diluted condition, however, it is rarely seen in Wall Street, the paper variety being preferred.

Gold. (Iron men, Coin, Ducats, Cases, Wad, Filthy lucre.) See U. S. Treasury.

T. L. M.

The Landlord Doth Make Cowards of Us All

TO move, or not to move, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler for a time to suffer
The slings and arrows of the present landlord;
Or to wear off our feet finding new quarters,
In hands perhaps more vicious. To hunt—to move—
No more; and by a move to think we end
The heartache and the thousand nasty shocks
Tenants are heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To hunt—to pack—
To move; perchance, regret. Ah! there's the rub
That makes us think 'twere wiser to stay here,
Though prison walls are sweeter to the lifer
Than are these mantels to our quiv'ring senses.

O, burden! When we'd shuffled six rooms off
And taken on a foursome—here's the thought
Which makes the act of moving seem so base—
That after we had pruned to fit four rooms,
We might not even have hot water there;
For who would bear the agent's whips and scorns,
The owner's thrusts, the janitor's decay;
Who'd grunt and sweat under the present ills
But that the fear of something even worse,
Unfurnished rooms to let, keeps us enslaved.
And makes us rather bear the flats we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Constance Murray Greene.



The Giraffe Hound for Coon Hunting



The Ostricanary for Deaf Old Ladies



The St. Bernard Cow



The Vest Pocket Watch Mouse



Ham & Eggs

If Mr. Burbank Should Turn His Attention to the Animal Kingdom

Life



Lines

TELEPHONE operators should work eight hours and sleep eight hours—but not the same eight hours.

┆

The Frenchman who recently bit off his landlord's nose was forgetful of the clause in the lease that says the tenant must make all repairs.

┆

The more we read about Congresswomen, the more we feel that woman's place is in the home, but not in the House.

┆

Senator Lodge says that the Washington deliberations will have "the largest publicity compatible with public interest." This was the first intimation we had had that George Creel was expected.

┆

According to a recent dispatch, poker and crap-shooting have become the latest craze in British society. London bridge must be falling down.

┆

The expert who used to tell us the war would be over in six months has found a new job. He is now predicting the return of the long skirt.

┆

A New Hampshire congregation advertises for a minister. In New York the ministers advertise for congregations.

┆

Eastern tourists report that California is an ideal spot from which to telegraph home for more money.

┆

Mayor Hylan ought to get up a contest between the New York gunmen and the New York police, to see who can kill the most people in one day.

┆

Rats are found everywhere in the world except the Polar regions, says London *Answers*.

Due, no doubt, to the extraordinary activity of the Pole cats.

Matrimonial styles item: Wives are going out.

┆

The number of sporting page readers who could not pronounce Suzanne's name probably was equal to the number who were glad when Molla Bjurstedt got married.



Local Gossip

ED GAY has made up his mind; he's goin' in fer public life, an' that's all there is to it. He's fixed up some signs an' been a-stickin' 'em up all along the hull length of Squantum Turnpike. Jim Rourke seen 'em and told the folks he thought fust off 'twas some new fertilizer on the market, then he seen 'twant nothin' new. Yes, Ed sez he's goin' inter politics fer all he's wuth this fall. He has been Fence Viewer an' Scaler of Wood an' Hay, an' now he'll run fer Keeper of the Pound.

He gut the bee in his bunnit somehow.

(To be continued in our next)

Many a joke that comes to a suffering editor is too good to be new.

┆

One argument in favor of the 12-mile limit is that it would greatly increase the number of miles per gallon.

┆

Lord Northcliffe says he didn't notice the effects of prohibition when he was in New York. But, then, he wasn't here long enough to begin paying for his own stuff.

Congress is still taking orders from W. W., only now it's Wayne Wheeler.

┆

So long as they keep opening up five-and-ten-cent stores, there'll always be someone to paint the town red.

┆

British historians of the future will doubtless speak of the present troublesome Sinn Fein period as the "Devil Era."

┆

If those Martians are trying to talk to us, it's the same old story . . . "They don't answer."

┆

Motto for the Peace Conference: To the victors belong the broils.

┆

A sedan has been many a motorist's Waterloo.

┆

There will be nothing new under the sun until someone discovers a bootlegger that does a credit business.

┆

The publicity the new reformers are getting should make Billy Sunday blue.

┆

It makes no difference whether five cents or eight cents is the subway fare. The public will stand for it.

┆

The fact that we spent \$44,000,000 for chewing gum last year isn't surprising. We knew Mr. Wrigley was making a couple of mints.

┆

Women have grown one and a half inches taller in the last forty years; but it wouldn't have made any difference—they would look down on us anyway.

┆

Every straphanger is an auto thief in the making. He is constantly taking cars that don't belong to him.

┆

"Oh, well," said the government employee, "it's all in a day's shirk."

September

B. Y. Williams

SEPTEMBER, shall I dance a while with you?
June whom I deemed most fair has left the hall,
And little changeeful April, too, has gone,
And smiling May. I knew and loved them all,
And danced a joyous dance with each in turn,
And sighed when time was come to bid adieu;
But they are gone,—and you stand smiling here,—
September, shall I dance a while with you?

September, is there rouge upon your cheek?
But after all, perhaps I like it there;
It shows your dauntless spirit, holding fast
To every charm. The vine leaves in your hair
Are piquant as June's roses; your perfume
Is blended flowers and fruits; and when you speak
Your voice enfolds me in its soft caress,—
September, is there rouge upon your cheek?

September, do I really love you best?
The maids I knew were young and fair,—but yet,
A woman you, who knows the price of love
And still can smile, and love without regret!
I drown myself deep in your dreamy eyes
The while I press you closer to my breast
In this the last sweet dance of summertime,—
September, do I really love you best?





Throws Her Lipstick Away

"To cling to your youth is a strife
With corsets that cut like a knife.
I've just turned the page
To a frank middle age.
Thank Gawd, I can now enjoy life!"

All Is Vanity

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

I ASKED Hyacinth to be frank with me. I urged her to tell me the truth at all times—regardless of the circumstances or the possible consequences.

So perhaps I deserved what I got.

"Harold," she said, "you're too insignificant-looking. The man I marry must be imposing. Of course," she conceded, "it's not entirely your fault—I mean, your shortness and your-er-rotundity. But at least you could dress decently."

I ruefully surveyed my apparel. It was plain—yes—even simple. But I had always prided myself that it was neat. I liked to think of myself as an immaculate fellow. Hyacinth's criticism cut deeply.

Nevertheless, I requested her to continue.

"The trouble is, Harold, that your clothes are too commonplace, too—neutral. Your blue suit is just a blue suit. Your tie is just a very plain tie. In fact, there is nothing notable about

any feature of your attire. Why not try to express yourself through your clothes?"

I shuddered at the thought.

"Now, I suggest that you consult a *real* tailor—one who has had some experience in dressing well-bred men. Have him get you some suits from England. Dress with a little distinction. Clothes may not make a man, but they have an awful lot of influence with a woman."

Determination was writ in every line of my usually placid countenance, as I fared forth from Hyacinth's home that evening.

I'd show her!

* * * * *

A few weeks later I appeared at the breakfast table, adorned in the best that Bond Street had to offer. My suit was of soft, luxuriant brown herringbone tweed; my pale lavender shirt, with collar to match, provided a perfect background for my purple foulard

scarf; a handkerchief of the same material protruded carelessly from my breast pocket; my wing-tipped "ox-fords" were topped with well-fitting, fawn-colored spats.

I appeared rather bored.

Suddenly I noticed a letter at my place, addressed in Hyacinth's familiarly angular hand, with the "M" indicated by a horizontal bar over three perpendicular lines. I tore it open.

"Harold dear," it began, and my heart sank as I read on.

Before my blurred vision swam such phrases as "I wanted you to be the first to know," "So absurdly happy," "I know that you and my Jack will like each other," "You must be my friend always."

Dully I seized my new gray homburg hat, my mouse-colored suède gloves, my genuine malacca cane, and went out into the crisp autumn air.

The first sight that met my eyes was Hyacinth, strolling down the street with a tall youth. She gazed up into his face with a rapturous expression that, alas, I could never have inspired.

I looked him over. I could not believe what I saw.

His suit was so tight-fitting that it seemed as if something must burst. The waist-line seam of his coat—which boasted but one button—ran under his armpits. His pockets went in a straight line from north to south. His lapels were visible from behind. His shoes were low, buttoned, and nobby as to toe. His socks were white. His hair was clipped short up to a sort of timber line, which ran well above his ears. Above that, his pompadour was liberal.

Silently I watched Hyacinth and her mate as they disappeared beyond the horizon.

Then I went down to the barber's and had my neck shaved.

Why Girls Leave Home!

Too much work—not enough work.

Too much money—not enough money.

Too much discipline—not enough discipline.

Too much education—not enough education.

Too much gossip—not enough gossip.

Too much sweetheart—not enough sweetheart.

Immune

"It's getting pretty expensive, this playing golf."

"Yes, yes, but after the first few thousands you don't much care."



Drawn by Charles Forbell

In Ye Goode Olde Days
Ye Peace Conference



SEPTEMBER 29, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IT illustrates the incompleteness of the pacification of the world at this time that the builders have just turned over to the United States a dreadnought, the Maryland, which has cost, with her equipment, forty-two million dollars. The Mary-

land comes to our depleted arms with the recommendation that she carries the most powerful armament of any ship afloat. Among other things she has eight 16-inch guns, each of which cost \$256,000 and can be fired about one hundred times. Besides that she has a lot of other guns, and carries a crew of fifteen hundred and an hundred officers, and it will cost, including salaries, about two millions a year to keep her going.

Forty years ago the best battleship cost about two millions and a half, so the standard has risen considerably. We are paying forty-two millions for the Maryland while our harbors are crowded with government-built merchant ships for which at present there is no demand, and of course we have more warships coming, all extremely expensive. The fact that we have them helps to keep other nations moving in the same direction at cost of expenditures which none of them can afford even as well as we can, and that is not saying much, for forty-two million dollar disbursements are not welcome even here. That amount of money could endow a pretty good university, or eight or ten hospitals, or feed a lot of starving people in Europe; and of course, these expensive dreadnoughts are of no use whatever except to diminish the chance of some nation, more ferocious than we are, putting some-

thing over on us that is not to our advantage.



THE conference in November for the limitation of armaments has been called to diminish these unwelcome expenditures. The hope of its success is based on the facts of current life. Here is civilization trying to get on its legs after a knockout. It needs all the money it can scrape together for reconstruction, food, wages and general rehabilitation of the apparatus of living. These expenditures for warships cannot help it in the slightest degree. On the contrary, they hold it down in two ways—because they waste money enormously, and because they compel a like waste in other nations. To take the forty-two million dollar Maryland out to sea and sink her would be a signal and helpful economy. Only one thing she is good for—for use as an argument. There she floats, an example of human waste and folly. She says to the Conference: "I represent what the United States can do. She can do it more than any other country without collapse. If you all go in for competitive armament building, she will probably be the survivor, for she is the richest country."

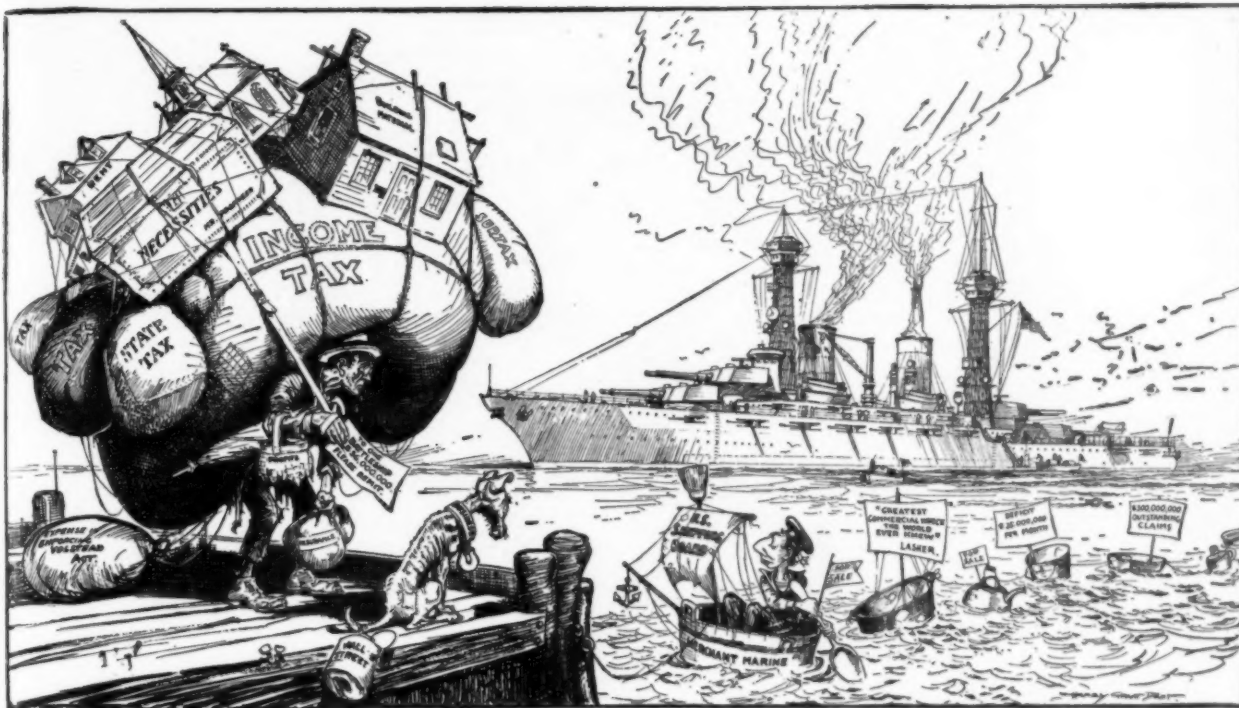
Perhaps if the Maryland can get up the Potomac to Washington where the members of the Conference can see her, she may do some good. Otherwise, she is nothing to be proud of. Although doubtless she represents great ability in naval construction and is a triumph of mechanics, she is more than anything else an example of human folly; of the inability of the nations to arrive at an understanding that live and let live shall be the rule of the world.

To be sure that is an understanding that has never yet been reached. The main reason why there is hope of reaching it now is that the consequences of not reaching it are so plain and so ominous. It is believed to be sufficiently evident after four years of world war that the cost of fighting on the modern scale is more than society can afford, and that the destructiveness of modern war is more than the existing social, economic and political apparatus can endure. Order must be kept in the world; the inevitable disputes of nations must somehow be settled; but not any longer by wars like the last. Just as an approximation to order is kept in these States, and an approximation to justice secured by means that a great majority of the people agree to accept, so a sufficient order must presently be kept in the world, which is now an aggregation of States too interdependent and too frail to fight out their quarrels in the old way.



PERHAPS that shocking story from San Francisco about the dead girl and the lately popular movie actor may have in the end a salutary effect.

An accomplished woman writer, who in the course of her business had studied American history of the Revolutionary period, observed that the statesmen of that period had the morals of tomcats. Of course, there were exceptions, but a good many of them, including some of the most distinguished, were open to that imputation. It seems to be much the same with the movie actors. The more successful ones have made so much money that they seem to have felt themselves relieved of the



Song of the Taxpayer

Amplification is vexation, revision is as bad
The rule of greed, it makes me bleed, and taxes drive me mad.

ordinary obligations of decorum. They are so extraordinarily well-known, and live in such a glare of publicity, that their example is of more importance than their personal consequence warrants. When they get themselves unmarried and remarried, bringing derision on a very useful institution, all the world of movie fans seems to applaud.

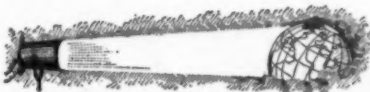
That is far from wholesome. If it could be understood that there is one rule of conduct for movie actors and another for ordinary people, we might get on better, but pending some such understanding movie actors' morals may do harm. The rich movie actors stand for success—in the minds of the unthinking for a very high degree of success. So long as the screens spread abroad the idea that worldly success need owe nothing to character, they will continue to do mischief, but this new San Francisco story may check that.

A violent shock sometimes cures an obstinate ailment, and this San Francisco shock is sufficiently violent.

How much money is too much is the same sort of a problem as how many tons is too heavy for a bridge. The number of tons depends on the strength

of the bridge, and the amount of money that a man can stand depends upon his training, intelligence and character. But it does take a great deal of character and quite a bit of consecration to get along with a great deal of money. On these unlucky movie-actor people floods of money have poured in, and having no training for it, and only a very moderate equipment of character, they seem by way of being destroyed by it.

However, society, such as it is, survived the divagations of the steel men when they were swamped with easy money twenty odd years ago, and probably the movie actors won't quite wreck it.



SOME of our scientific brethren are getting pious. Dr. Charles Baskerville, for example, who is an authentic chemist and has very important works and discoveries to his credit, was one of the gentlemen who addressed the Chemical Congress in New York the other day. Conversing afterwards with

a representative of the *World*, he bragged a little about what chemistry had done, and told what its immediate work was now, and then complained that it had been too material—that even in chemistry, of recent years, there had been too much of the material element and too little of the spiritual, for there should, he said, be something spiritual in chemistry.

Though we know that the human brain works as the result of the action of material cells, there is something there that is certainly not material; something that cannot be explained on any purely materialistic hypothesis. This is the mind, the spiritual part of man, no less real than the material, and, though dependent on the material for its power to express itself, of far more importance than the material.

Of course, and science for so long has been disposed to see the material things and nothing else, that what Dr. Baskerville says, though it is not news, is quite inspiring as coming from a man of his accomplishments and his profession. Chemistry, physics, natural history and all science are very close to religion. Students of all of them study the laws under which life goes on. Students of religion must do the same for they are on the same quest.

E. S. Martin.





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Nature Study

"**TARZAN OF THE APES**" is almost too bad to be true. To those of our helpful little band of condors who earn their living by making comical cracks about other people's plays it came like a visit from St. Nicholas.

A little English baby, orphaned in the midst of an African jungle (never were two deaths more popular than those of *Lord* and *Lady Greystoke*) is brought up to manhood by a doting mother-ape affecting a Bert Williams make-up. Year by year we are shown the education of the child at the hands and feet of this strange foster-mother, of whom it might well be said, as William Courtenay says of his off-stage mother in "Honors Are Even," that she is the best little pal in all the world. And yet delicate withal, for the little ape-boy is taught to wear a loin-cloth at the age of five. "We may be but poor monkeys," the proud mother probably said to her husband, "but I intend to see to it that our little Tarzan dresses decent."

And then comes the English expedition from Greystoke Castle in search of the young lord, under the booming guidance of Howard Kyle in a rôle for which we would award him undisputed title to the crown of America's premier ham. Oddly enough, they reach the monkey-house just in time to hear *Tarzan* scrambling about on the tin roof and grunting to his mother for more cookies. The curtain falls as the attentive professor of the expedition impressively declares: "Yes, that is undoubtedly the challenge cry of the bull-ape!" And, as a topical interlude between the acts, the orchestra plays "Mighty Lak a Rose."



But, after a while, even this fun-making begins to pall, and where once you felt a rosy glow at the realization that such things still exist in the world, you are slowly overcome by that ominous drowsiness which is said to be

the prelude to freezing to death. There really can be too much of even such a good time as you are sure to have at "Tarzan of the Apes."



"**THE BLUE LAGOON**" is another London knock-out in much the same class as "Tarzan of the Apes" only not so funny. This time there are two young people shipwrecked and they are brought up in the jungle by an Irish sailor in place of the mother-ape of "Tarzan." On the whole, the mother-ape seems preferable, because she doesn't know how to talk. The Irish sailor starts telling old Irish folk tales on board the comparatively good ship "Northumberland" and continues uninterrupted through spectacular fire, shipwreck, hunger and exposure for about ten years (actual time), the only agency which finally can stop him being some poisonous berries presented him by the little girl in a spirit which the audience feels is not quite so naïve as it seems. They are known as the "never-wake-up berries" (the South Sea equivalent of our native raspberry) and the producers might arrange to have a sprig of them handed to each patron as he comes into the theatre. It would save a great deal of uncomfortable tossing and turning in the seats if everyone could go right to sleep at once.



YOU can't knock "Only 38" without hurting the feelings of a lot of dear people who are just as wholesome as the day is long, or even wholesomer. They just love the old *Mr. Sanborn* of Percy Pollock, with his little Molly-Cottontail beard and his Keith Circuit farmer talk, and they smile through their tears at the sweetness of Mary Ryan trying to be gay in spite of her troubles (chief among which being two forbidding children and a Rogers group given to her late husband by his congregation). And it is perfectly right

that people should feel this way. It makes things lots easier for the producers. So all that we will say against "Only 38" is that we have lived in New England over what is known as "a period of years" and never once have we heard the natives speak with such a thick Georgia accent as no fewer than three use in Mr. Thomas' New Hampshire towns.



IT is rather late to be commenting on Barney Bernard's new vehicle "Two Blocks Away," but the play seems to have been getting along very well so far without our comment. If you are in agreement with us in believing that any show which has a good Jewish comedian in it is worthy entertainment, then you will enjoy "Two Blocks Away," for no one can deny that Barney Bernard is both Jewish and good. The play is just another play, but it is worth sitting through to hear Mr. Bernard say, in a moment of exceedingly Jewish discouragement: "I hope I die to-night, God forbid!"



THERE isn't much that can be said in the face of so satisfying a performance as "The Circle." The cast alone, including John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Ernest Lawford, Estelle Winwood and John Halliday, would make any play a good risk as an investment, but in conjunction with Somerset Maugham's comedy, in which one delicious situation follows another just as fast as the characters can get on and off the stage, it simply becomes a matter of trying to remember when you have ever seen anything better and dreading to go to anything more this season for fear of an anti-climax. It would be good to see "The Circle" and then go up into the country for the winter with your enthusiasm for the theatre thus refreshed.

Robert C. Benchley.

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Lady with Camera (to artist who has been struggling for three weeks with his subject): Oh! Excuse me! (Click). Thank you so much. Good-by.

"Litty Doggie"

A Bit of Chinese Junk

(Without apologies to Thomas Burke, Achmed Abdullah, Hugh Wiley, or anybody else)

"LITTY DOGGIE," cooed Cum Quot, as Mustapha, Maria Marshall's snuff Pomeranian sniffed at each grubby crevice. "Litty doggie . . ."

Dust . . . and the indescribable odors of antiquity. Rubbish . . . the smirched glaze of a Ming bowl . . . a row of begrimed ginger jars. And over all, dirt—dirt that was sticky to the unfortunate touch. This was the store of Cum Quot—a battered flotsam tossed into the turgid backwaters of a loathly swamp of stagnant humanity.

"You like Mustapha, don't you, Cum Quot?" asked Mrs. Marshall, holding her lace handkerchief before her face in compromise between Occidental hygiene and Oriental *flair*.

She was wont to patronize him.

"Oh, yas," replied Cum Quot, giving a perfect example of an evasive answer. He disappeared into the unspeakable interior of his shop. Mustapha—well-bred animal—continued to sniff. Suddenly his jaws opened and closed. He chewed in doggish delectation.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "What nasty thing have you found, Mustapha? Drop it this instant, drop it!"

Mustapha chewed on.

"You *must* take that out of your mouth, dear," implored Mrs. Marshall.

Without replying Mustapha chewed on.

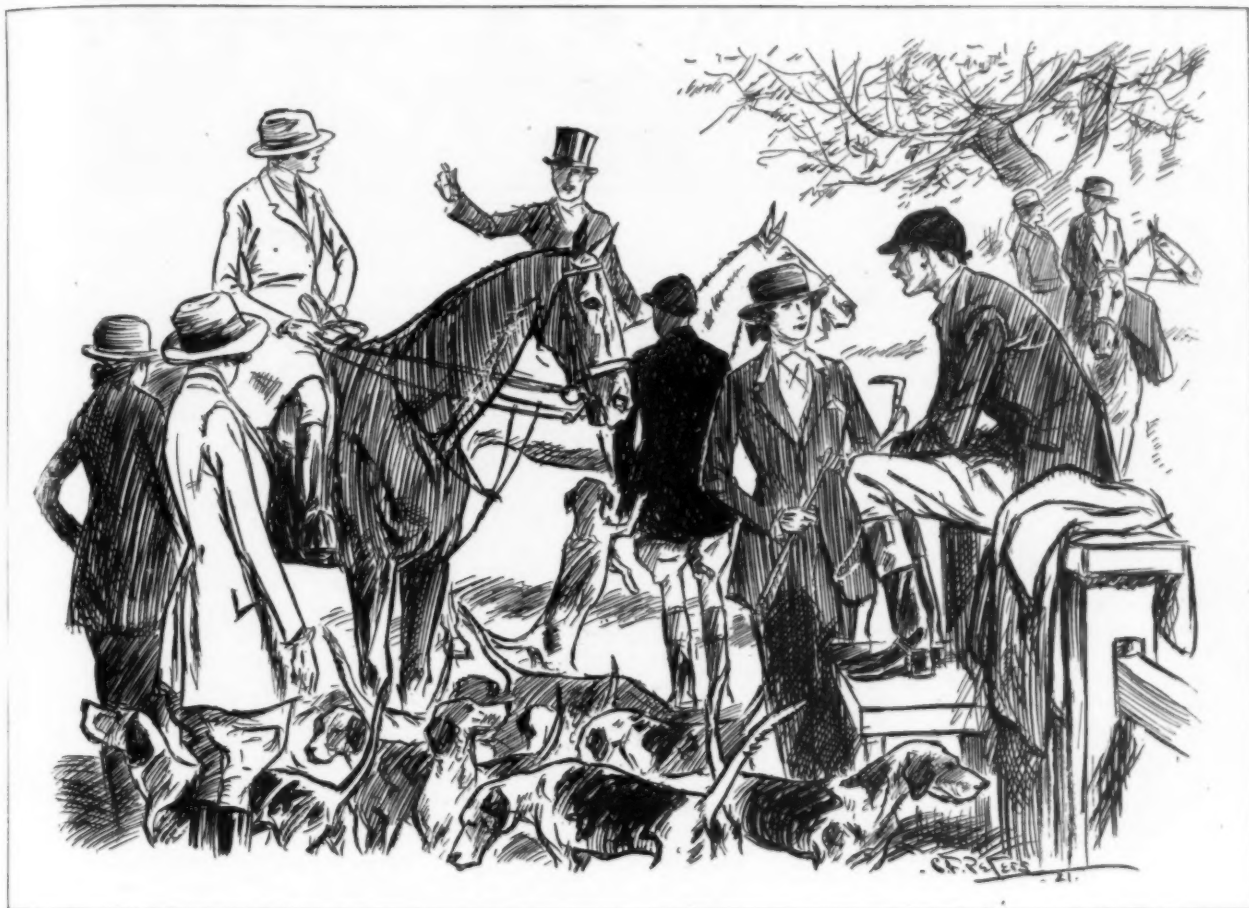
In desperation, Mrs. Marshall's anxious gaze settled upon a pair of blackened chopsticks lying upon the smudgy counter of the shop. As Cum Quot reentered, he was assailed by the unusual spectacle of Mrs. Marshall upon her knees, trying with the chopsticks to rid Mustapha of the foreign substance he had acquired.

Behind the placid mask of Cum Quot's countenance raged a thousand devils of despair. Unwittingly, Mrs. Marshall had done a terrible thing. She had poked the chopsticks of his revered and defunct grandfather down the throat of a dog. Blasphemy, desecration and defilement! In the eyes of his ancestors, Cum Quot had lost face.

* * * * *

On his post-prandial constitutional that evening, Mustapha disappeared.

* * * * *



He: To look at that big bay you wouldn't think he had a pedigree a mile long.
She: You can't always go by heredity. For instance, look what a clever man your father is.

One, two, three days Cum Quot waited in back of the counter of the uptown chop suey restaurant where Mrs. Marshall had first become aware of his existence. On the fourth day she came, seeking to dissipate the sorrow caused by the loss of her beloved Mustapha.

"Oh, Cum Quot," she said, "what do you think? Mustapha has disappeared. You know—litty doggie?"

"Oh, yas," said Cum Quot.

"Fix me something special to-night, Cum Quot. I don't know just what—but *something*. I feel so badly since Mustapha . . ."

"I fixee," said Cum Quot with uncustomary eloquence.

Mrs. Marshall paid her check. "It was delicious, Cum Quot," she said. "What was it?"

Followed a succession of Cantonese polysyllables.

"Goodness, I can never remember that. Write it down." Cum Quot smiled faintly—and wrote a single ideograph upon an ornate business card.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Marshall.

"Good night," said Cum Quot.

"Ladee feel better?" Suki, her husband's Japanese hand-man, made her comfortable in her favorite chair.

"Yes, thank you, Suki. I have had such a nice new dish at the Chinese restaurant. Suki, can you read Chinese?"

"Maybe-so. Some Chinese like Japanese."

"Then what does this mean?" Mrs. Marshall handed the ornate card of Cum Quot to Suki. Suki's face crinkled into a broad simper.

"What was it I had? What does the card say?"

Suki's simper set idiotically. "Card say, Missy Marshall," he giggled, "card say—'Litty doggie.'"

* * * * *

In the evil heart of Chinatown, the flickering smoke from a joss stick twisted the hideous smirk of a grinning idol into a more sinister leer. Cum Quot's lost face had been restored.

Henry William Hanemann.

Next!

HENRY VIII watched the lovely Anne Boleyn's head roll off the block.

"Well," said the bluff monarch, playfully chucking Lady Jane under the chin, "easy come, easy go!"

GILLET: Did you ever kiss a girl when she wasn't looking?

TERRY: Not when she wasn't good-looking.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Camille

NAZIMOVA'S screen version of "Camille" will go down as one of the ghastly jokes that the movies have perpetrated at the expense of literature. It is almost as funny as the "Camille" scene in the current Ziegfeld Follies, wherein Fanny Brice remarks, between coughs, "I have been a bad woman, Armand—but awfully good company."

The movie people have seen fit to bring "Camille" down to modern times, and have altered the story in other respects to conform to the limitations of the Hollywood stage. They have equipped it with backgrounds so absurd that the various scenes resemble nothing so much as the modern type of "tea shoppe" which has lavender rabbits painted on the table tops.

Moreover, Nazimova herself has monopolized the picture to such an extent that nine-tenths of the footage seems to be devoted to fuzzy close-ups of the star. It is, for the most part, terribly boring. Rudolph Valentino, as Armand, does some good work, but he never has any real chance to get started.

It is only fair to say that there are occasional moments when Nazimova remembers that she is acting in the beautiful tragedy of "Camille," and not posing for a full-page photograph in *Vanity Fair*, but those moments are very, very occasional.

Beyond

"BEYOND" is billed as an original screen story by Henry Arthur Jones, whereas it is actually an adaptation of his earlier work, "The Lifted Veil." It has to do with the influence of the dead on the living.

Ethel Clayton, as the heroine, is moved by her mother's spirit to go to Australia, where she learns that her vagabond brother has become the victim of another and more tangible spirit, the Demon Rum. Having administered the Keeley cure, she returns to England to find that her husband has married again. So she goes right back to Australia and waits there until the demise of the second wife permits her to play on her own home grounds again.

Miss Clayton's indisputable beauty



The weekly news movie

lends a certain poignancy to the sacrifices she is called upon to make, yet one cannot help wondering how to account for some of the situations of the story. For instance, there is no way of explaining how she got the price of her commutation ticket to the Antipodes. It's wonderful what spiritual faith will do.

Serenade

RAOUL WALSH'S production, "Serenade," is a strange combination of horse-play and hokum with real artistic merit. It is an adaptation of the famous Spanish play, "Maria de Carmen," which has played on the American stage under the title, "Spanish Love." The scenes are laid in a province which is being oppressed by the government at Madrid. Unwelcome officials are sent to discipline the recalcitrant populace, and to apply the old iron hand. The situation thus caused brings about an orgy of love, hate, private duels, public brawls and other favorite Andalusian pastimes.

There ought to be plenty of good drama extracted from all this, but there isn't—owing largely to the fact that Raoul Walsh has cast his brother, George, in the heroic rôle. George is a combination of Douglas Fairbanks, Buck Jones and Tom Mix, with a slight touch of Clyde Cook. This bespeaks great versatility, which is very well in its way. But Mr. Walsh employs his various talents at the wrong times and in the wrong places, and gets the story all muddled up as a result.

Another member of the family, Miriam Cooper, is the heroine of the piece, and she performs in very satisfactory fashion. The settings are excellent, and the street scenes are staged with great skill.

Notice

NEXT week, and for several weeks thereafter, the Silent Drama department will be conducted by Mr. Henry William Hanemann, who needs no introduction to the readers of LIFE.

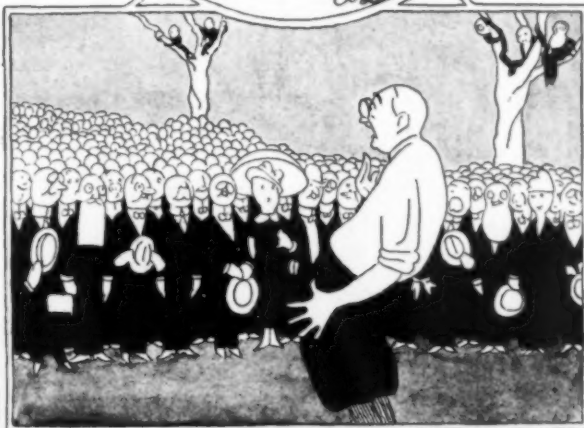
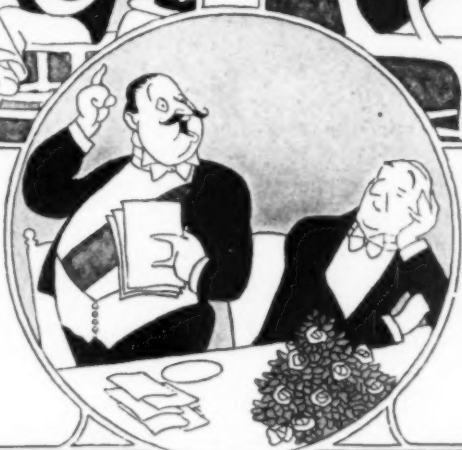
Robert E. Sherwood.
(Recent Developments will be found on page 32)

If the President Looked as He Must Really Feel When the Newsphotographs Are Taken



President Harding enthusiastic spectator of the open croquet championship tourney. Reading from the middle: President Harding; A. J. Boongiggle, Pres. U. S. Croquet Assn.; P. S. Pritt, Member of the Executive Committee, and T. T. Oyster, Pres. Ladies' Branch.

President Harding greets school children, pupils of Public School No. 101, who delight the President with a choral rendering of the Star Spangled Banner and several songs of our late Allies. The President expressed himself as very much gratified when they had finished



Above, in the circle, President Harding attends banquet to commemorate four hundred years of peace between this country and Guatemala. The President listened with keen interest to the three-hour address by Señor Buenos Noches. From left to right, Señor Buenos Noches, President Harding.

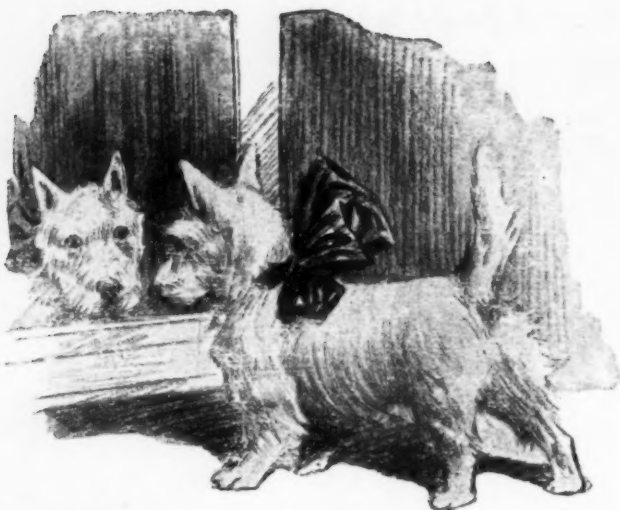
President Harding gives a cordial welcome to 5000 visitors who surprised him at the camp, where the President had gone for a week-end of absolute seclusion and quiet. In all, 25,000 persons visited the camp during the day.



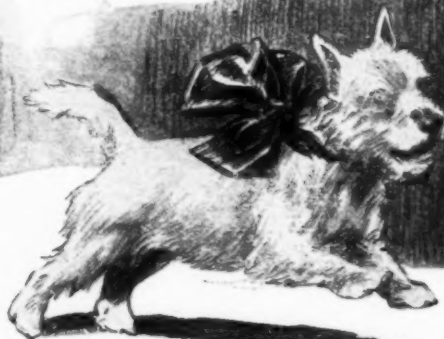
President Harding receives fair delegates of the clam canneries now in their twenty-seventh annual convention. They presented him with a fruit bowl made of 6,918,561 pieces of clam shells, the whole exquisitely hand-painted.



Leaders of Congress visit White House, where they lay before the President all that they have accomplished during the present session. In the order named, Representative F. H. Gabb, Senator Doolittle, President Harding, Senator Blough.



*E'en though in finery I'm clad,
Ther ribbon's gay an' a'that,*



*E'en though, a champion's my dad,
A dog's a dog for a'that.
For a'that, an' a'that,
My pedigree an' a'that.*



A fit o' mud - it's a' too sad,

I'm just a tyke for a'that

A Lover of Burns

The Last Cry

A LITTLE boy and a tiny girl toddled past our bench in the park. "Smith," I said, "what have they been doing to those children? Looks as if someone's been writing all over their clothes."

"Haven't you seen them before?" asked Smith. "I'll bring them over and let you look at them."

At closer range it was quite easy to read on the back of the boy's tunic:

Hilary

By John and Elizabeth Wimpleton

A red-blooded, virile and gripping piece of work by two new authors.

A successful collaboration.—*Suburbia Monitor*.

Cigars are on Wimpleton.—*Bookman's Weekly*.

Once picked up, impossible to put Hilary down.—*Nurse Smithers*.

And stenciled on the little girl:
JUST PUBLISHED

Arabella

By John and Elizabeth Wimpleton,
Authors of Hilary

A fluffily bound work in quite a different style from these popular authors' first great success.

I found it difficult to shut Arabella.—*Miss Prudence Prim*.

Fluent . . . provoking . . . unexpected.—*Daily Comment*.

May the Wimpletons soon have a library full.—*Suburbia Monitor*.

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"Just force of habit," answered Smith. "Wimpleton writes blurbs for a publisher and he can't bear to see a jacket wasted." T. W. Jones.

Answers to Queries

J. B.—Ruth, Aug. 2, 1920, third inning. * * *

X.—At the Polo Grounds. Bases full. Batter Ruth. * * *

FAN.—The left field bleachers. His 46th. * * *

S. O. S.—B. wins. Ruth, 179 ft. 6 7/8 inches. * * *

T. W.—No bet. Either Bambino or Sultan of Swat is correct. * * *

BESSIE.—They never found the ball. * * *

YET.—Geometricians call it a parabola.



"Poor fellow! I hear that he's a nervous wreck!"

"Yes. He tried to compile a genealogy of the Rabbit family."

Unlike Mohammed

A GOSSIP is one who can make a mountain out of a molehill and then bring it to you.

Never Again

"WELL, anyway," said the Optimist just before drowning, "this will teach me a lesson."



He Ought to Have Known—He Made It

Little Lorena: Maw, you'd better come 'ere—I think there's something the matter with pop.

How to Catch a Woofleduff

IN order to catch a woofleduff you must first find a woman with but one tooth. The woman must bite a hole in a fried cake; thereupon, armed with the fried cake, you wend your way to a nearby lake. You procure a rowboat, row to the middle of the lake and bore a hole in the water large enough for the fried cake to sit in. The woofleduff, scenting the fragrant odor of the delectable bait, comes to the top and eats the fried cake. The water surrounding the fried cake, freed upon the latter's consumption, closes about the woofleduff's neck and chokes it. You then take said woofleduff to the shore and prepare to cook a woofleduff supper. In order to cook a woofleduff supper you must first find a woofleduff fire. First you locate a vacant ten-acre lot, then procure a fifty-foot ladder. You place the ladder in the middle of the lot and climb to the top of it. You repeat this four times, drawing the ladder up after you each time. When you have reached the summit you look around for other possible woofleduff parties. Here you lay the said w. down and he immediately comes to life and runs away, whereupon you call "Woof" and he responds with "Duff." You then locate him and start in hot pursuit. Before you can reach him he slides



Banker: You wish to open a joint account, then, for yourself and husband?

"I'll have you to understand, sir, that my husband and I do not operate a joint!"

down a rainbow. You slide down after and find that the heat, caused by the friction on the rainbow, has cooked your woofleduff for you.

THERE YOU HAVE YOUR WOOF-LE-DUFF. THANK YOU!

Arthur E. Payne.

Naughty Noise

"THE first act of the farce comedy was rather tame. But things became uproarious in the second."

"Twin bedlam broke loose, I suppose."

The Movement for Better Jails

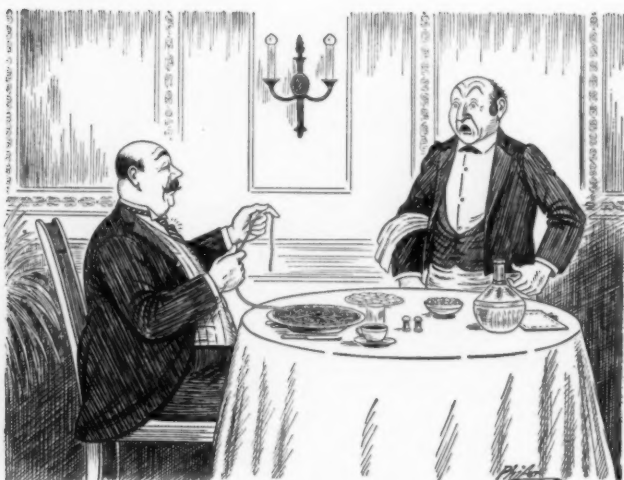
THE recent riots in jails have given us quite an uncomfortable feeling. Can it be possible that our jails are not what they have been cracked up to be?

Practically everybody who has gone to jail in the last few years has made no complaint at all. Every American who doesn't get what he wants immediately sets up a howl. We had, therefore, the best reason for supposing that our jails were quite all right. And now here come along a lot of jail guests who try to burn up the place and get loose. If they had been week-enders we could have understood it. However, it may have been just an accident. Quite possibly the hot water was turned off, or the housemaid forgot to

spread enough blankets at night before she went off on a joy ride. It is hard enough to get into jail, anyway, without discovering after you have landed there that they are not keeping it up. One has to start early in life to get into regular training for it.

Our jails should be surveyed at once. If it gets noised about that they are no better to live in than some of our principal hotels or seaside resorts, people will stop committing crimes.

A WOMAN can learn things from a man that he didn't know he knew.



Absent-Minded Stock Broker (mistaking the spaghetti for ticker tape): The market seems sluggish to-day. Don't notice a thing doing.



The Profiteer: That greeting reads all right, but it's the getting in that stumps me. It looks hard. I wonder where I'd better begin.

Goldwyn
Presents

Dangerous Curve Ahead

A comedy drama
of American
married life—
with
Helene Chadwick
and
Richard Dix

by
**Rupert
Hughes**

Directed by
E. Mason Hopper



THE DAILY DIVORCE:

Every morning Harley had to tear himself away from her in order to get to the office—late!



THE FIRST BABY:

Phoebe learns that there is a lot besides poetry about bringing up babies.



THE OLD LOVER:

The long business trip means for Harley, the big chance; but for Phoebe more loneliness, and—the old lover.

MOST motion pictures end with a marriage. But here's one that begins with a marriage—a marriage of just two such young people as started their great adventure next door to you this summer.

Any wife will laugh a lot and cry a lot—when she sees it. Husbands will come away from this picture with a deeper understanding of what their young wives have to cope with. Fathers and mothers will chuckle and weep over it.

There are dangerous curves that every married couple must take. What are they? How can they be rounded without a crash?—Perhaps you think you know.

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" shows them to you cleverly, lightly, yet with a deep insight into human hearts.

Author and director worked together for one year on this picture. Such close co-operation is the result of Goldwyn's plan of bringing American authors into direct contact with picture production.

This picture *lives*. It is something refreshingly new in the art of the screen.

A Goldwyn Picture

beginning
Oct. 2nd Nation-wide showing.
Watch your theatre
announcements.



Art, the Handmaiden

A parish church was being beautified with a stained-glass window. The old sexton was watching the work. The rector, seeing him thus intent, remarked:

"Well, John, and what is your opinion of the window?"

"Weel," was the reply, "in ma opeenion they micht ha been content wi' the gless as God made it."

—Town Topics (London).

By Way of Diversion

NEWCOMER (in Bohemian resort): I think I'd enjoy living a Bohemian life for a spell. But it would have to be on certain days in the week, and I'd really have to be home by one in the morning.

—Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).

The Woman Pays!

TRAM CONDUCTOR: How old are you, my little girl?

LITTLE GIRL: If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay the full fare and say nothing.

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

"I THOUGHT the sale of that novel was prohibited."

"It is; I got it from a booklegger."

—Boston Transcript.



At a Charity Bazaar

Celebrated Revue Actress: Would you like a programme?

Youth: No, thanks; I'm just going.

C. R. A.: That will be a guinea, please.

Youth: But I say; I—

C. R. A.: I know, but I've talked to you.

—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

Hell-Bent

A park orator returning home flushed with his oratorical efforts, and also from other causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the tram-car. "It may interest you to know," he said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a 'eaven.'" The curate merely nodded, and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realize," said the park orator, "what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as 'eaven exists.'" "All right, all right," answered the curate pleasantly, "go to hell, only don't make quite so much fuss about it."—Tatler (London).

Melodrama

HEROINE: What are those shrieks? VILLAIN (relentlessly): They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch.

—Passing Show (London), from a Play.

A Public Menace

"It's jes like de ole proverb say, niggah. A little knowledge am a dangerous thing."

"If dat am so, then yuh sho' am totin' a big block ob dynamite aroun' on yoh neck."—Nashville Tennessean.

ETHEL: Bertha has old-fashioned ideas.

CLARA: Yes, she still smokes those "lady's" cigarettes!—New York Sun.

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She said,

"I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead,"
but she got a copy of

Life



instead, read it through, ate three square meals the next day, and forgot about dying. *LIFE* had dispelled her blues! For the tonic of a really hearty laugh, try a yearly subscription, or, Obey That Impulse, and, for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

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Jim Henry's Column

Better Shaving

It's been my theory all along not so much to sell Mennen Shaving Cream as to educate men to enjoy shaving more by doing it better.

For example, I have rather laid myself open to attack by insisting that lather ought to be built up with three minutes of brisk brushing.

Of course I have known that a lot of men—possibly a majority—get satisfactory results in a third of that time and it would no doubt have been good salesmanship to feature Mennen's as a quick latherer—which it is.

But I knew that if I could induce you just once to experience the almost unearthly gratification of a supremely good Mennen shave to me the picture is very vivid.

You have been twirling away on the brush for three minutes—grumbling but obedient for once. Then you get your jaw muscles all set for the daily combat. A puzzled look creeps into your eyes as the razor sinks into the bank of lather. There's nothing there. The edge slips along like a hot knife through butter.

And afterwards although your hide is as smooth and hairless as a baby's, it feels fresh and cool as though soft fingers had gently massaged it with healing lotions.

I know that if just once you would expose yourself to the full, wonderful power of a three minute Mennen lather, I would never have to sell you again.

and
afterwards—
Mennen
Talcum
for Men
—it doesn't
show—

But for goodness sake use it any way you like—slap it on in ten seconds, pummel it with your fingers, use twice too much and turn it into a paste—but use it; for Mennen Shaving Cream, used right or wrong, is great stuff.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

P.S.—I'll send a demonstrator tube for 15 cents.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Pitchers Have Ears

A little saying from a seven-year-old girl.

NEIGHBOR: How is your mother this morning?

LITTLE GIRL: My mother is at the hospital.

NEIGHBOR: Why! I did not know your mother was ill.

LITTLE GIRL: No, it is my aunt who is ill.

NEIGHBOR: What is the matter with your aunt?

LITTLE GIRL: She has a bad headache.

NEIGHBOR: Why! I did not know any one went to the hospital for a bad headache!

LITTLE GIRL (looking up quickly with a very interested, bright look on her face): That is not the real reason, I think; they are spelling things on me.—*Christian Register*.

Academic Training

A wealthy Irish farmer, intending to send his son to college, wrote a letter to the "Head Master of Oxford University," in which he said: "Please say what are your terms for a year; and will it cost anything extra if my son learns to write a good hand and spell proper, as well as to row a boat?"

—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Nothing But the Truth

LAWYER: And what was the defendant doing meanwhile?

WITNESS: He was telling me a funny story.

LAWYER: Remember, sir, that you are under oath.

WITNESS: Well, anyway, he was telling me a story.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

Conceit

"That fellow sure is conceited, isn't he?"

"I'll say so. He even expects the discharge of his duty to make a noise that is heard around the world."

—*Florida Times-Union*.

Still a Chance

CADDIE (to golfer badly bunkered, with opponent well on the green): Don't give up the hole, sir. You never know; the other gentleman might have a fit.—*Boston Transcript*.

On the First View

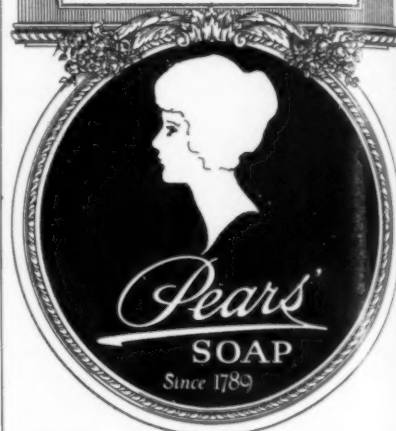
"Pa," said little Thomas Twobble, "what is prima facie evidence of guilt?"

"Possessing a bottle-capping machine, my son," said Mr. Twobble.

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

If at first you do succeed, look out.
—*New York World*.

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"How far have you studied, Johnny?" inquired the teacher.

"Just as far as the book is dirty, ma'am."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Paw, what's a 'waiting list'?"

"A telephone directory, my son."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"The Change"



Business



Pleasure

—*Bystander (London)*.

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Fool Personals

JOHN DREW is passing a couple of week-ends with Charlie Chaplin.

Judge Gary of the Steel Trust and Samuel Gompers have gone on a bicycle tour of Long Island.

William R. Hearst is decorating his apartments to receive the Hon. Lloyd George, who will be his guest during the disarmament conference.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has cabled Upton Sinclair to join him in China.

Wilbur F. Crafts and Jack Dempsey have taken a bachelor apartment in Greenwich Village.

Edsel Ford has just received a letter from Marshal Foch thanking him personally for what he did for France.

Amy Lowell and Walt Mason are collaborating on a light comedy.

Lillian Gish is teaching Edith Wharton how to read and write.

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

The Three Musketeers. *United Artists.*—Douglas Fairbanks, as D'Artagnan, demonstrates the perfect combination of a splendid actor and a splendid rôle. Intelligently adapted by Edward Knoblock, well played by Mr. Fairbanks and an excellent cast, and well mounted throughout, "The Three Musketeers" is destined to delight spectators of every variety.

Room and Board. *Realart.*—Constance Binney in an Irish setting gives the organist a chance to play every well-known ballad from "Mother Machree" to "Eamonn De Valera, We're Mighty Proud of You."

Pilgrims of Love. *Associated Producers.*—Good production by J. L. Frothingham of an E. Phillips Oppenheim melodrama, with a competent cast.

J'Accuse. *Klaw.*—French war film that possesses great dramatic possibilities, some of which are not realized. The acting is remarkably good.

Passing Thru. *Paramount.*—Douglas MacLean in a rather weak comedy which will never offend anyone.

The Affairs of Anatol. *Paramount.*—We have been authorized to announce to an expectant public that this stupendous production was directed by Cecil B. De Mille, and includes in its line-up no less than twelve stars, of whom Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson are the starriest.

Disraeli. *United Artists.*—A really fine screen version of the famous stage play, with George Arliss repeating his former triumph in the title rôle.

Forever. *Paramount.*—Another all-star cast, but this time the results justify the effort. Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" has received reverent treatment at the hands of Elsie Ferguson, Wallace Reid, George Fawcett and Director George Fitzmaurice, and has been converted into a picture of great beauty and emotional strength.

Beating the Game. *Goldwyn.*—Tom Moore in another one of those things, which may strain the patience but not the intellect.

For Review Next Week.—"Bits of Life," "Dangerous Lies," "No Woman Knows," and "Footfalls."

Easy Stages

"How did you happen to become a burglar?" asked the welfare worker.

"By easy stages," replied No. 9876. "I first bought a soft drink concession at a county fair, then I drove a taxicab awhile. After that I promoted wrestling bouts and almost before I knew it I was breaking into people's houses."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Her Logic

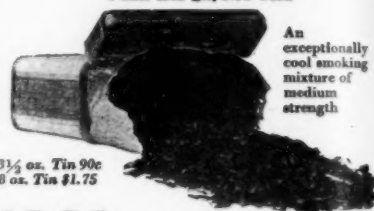
MRS. A (at resort): Doesn't it worry you to write to your husband for more money?

MRS. B: Not at all. If he is having a good time he owes it to me, and if he isn't having a good time he has saved it.—Boston Transcript.

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